

## A Collection of Horrible Dreams (Nightmares, Even)

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## A Collection of Horrible Dreams (Nightmares, Even)

by [holdyourbreathfornow](#)

### Summary

A glimpse at the nightmares that plague the house, from all dreamers but one

### Notes

I swear to God, check the notes. I don't know if this is the angstiest thing I've ever written, but some parts of it made me feel like I was writing a horror movie.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Benrey

The overhead light is too bright. It hurts their eyes and they blink into it before their gaze goes wide with panic. They don't remember how they got here, and they don't know where they are.

"H-hello?" They whisper, trying to look around, but the light seems to follow their gaze. "Is anyone there?"

"Benrey!" Gordon's voice echoes from far away, and he sounds like he's calling out to them from under some water. Benrey tries to stand, tries to go to Gordon, but they're... They're tied down. They can't move, and they curse under their breath as they pull at their restraints. "Benrey, where are you?"

"Gor-!" They try to call out for him but they're stopped by a hand clapping over their mouth.

"We told you to behave. Did you forget what day it was?" The hand over their mouth is gloved and suddenly the rest of the lights turn on. They're staring through a one-way glass window into another room. Gordon's strapped to a table and Benrey's scream is muffled by the hand over their mouth as they tug at their restraints with sudden desperation.

"They're not cooperating." Another voice floats through their head and Benrey doesn't even feel the needle slide into their neck until they suddenly find they can't move anymore.

Their gaze is locked forward, on Gordon. Both his arm and his stump are strapped down, and his hair is in wild disarray, tears streaming down his face. He's still calling their name.

Scientists peel away from the shadows, swarming around Gordon but purposefully leaving Benrey's view of him clear. They chatter among themselves as they do... Something, and it's loud and grating and makes Benrey's head buzz as they whine and try desperately to *move*.

"Ben... Benrey, where...?" Gordon's trying to get away as well, but he can't do anything to stop a scientist from sliding an IV into the crook of his elbow.

"We didn't think we'd get you back." One of the voices hisses to Benrey. "Good thing you all stuck together, huh?" But they're all dead. Benrey knows they're dead. They killed so many of the scientists themselves. But that doesn't stop the fear coursing through them as someone in

Gordon's room hooks a clear bag of some liquid to his IV.

"Experiment 15-Beta-Dune underway." Someone calls out and the scientists in Gordon's room suddenly vanish away, leaving him on display as the chemicals start to push their way into him.

Benrey screams for what feels like an eternity as Gordon's thrashing slowly stops, and they find they can move again suddenly, like a rubber band snapping. Their restraints are gone and they're not in a chair anymore. They're standing, a white sheet dragging along the floor as they carry it.

Gordon, his body completely still, seems to be watching them from the chair he's still strapped into. They walk towards him, through the darkness, and they fall to their knees next to him, the white sheet tightening around them as it crawls over Gordon like the tide crawls over the sand.

Only Benrey's eyes are left uncovered by the sheet and it drags them back into the darkness, Gordon fading into the distance until Benrey can't see him anymore, no matter how much they strain their eyes. The wind whistles past and Benrey feels like they're drowning in their own tears.

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"...Ben, you gotta wake up. Please, honey, it's just a bad dream. Wake up." Someone's shaking Benrey and they wake up with a heaving gasp, the person's hand wrapped tightly around one of theirs. "Benrey?"

"G-gordon?" Benrey asks and Matilda purrs even harder from where she's pressing against their stomach. Gordon squeezes their hands and a soft light fills the room as Tommy switches on the lamp. Benrey blinks and sits up, Matilda moving away, and they let Gordon pull them into his chest as they start to cry.

"D-do you wanna talk about it?" Tommy asks and Benrey hesitates.

"We we-were back in Black Mesa. Th-they caught me and Gordon and they made me watch... They killed him."

"Oh, no." Gordon hugs them tighter and Tommy wraps his arms around both of them. "Oh, God, Benrey, that sounds awful. But we're okay, okay?" Gordon reaches between them and uses his hand to press Benrey's hand against his chest. They curl their hand into his shirt a little as they

focus on the feeling of Gordon's heart beating. "We won, right? Black Mesa's gone and I'm right here, with you."

"Y-yeah." Benrey snuffles and scrubs some of their tears away. Suddenly exhausted again they lean forward and rest their head against Gordon's chest, their hand still over his heart. "Okay."

"You wanna go back t-to sleep, Benrey?" Tommy asks and Benrey grunts, already fading again. He presses a kiss to their hair and they smile a little as they lay back down and fall back asleep, wrapped up with the people they love.

# Tommy

Tommy blinks awake, still extremely groggy, and slowly sits up, the sheets pooling around his waist. Blindly, he reaches out for someone else laying in bed with him. But his hand hits nothing but fabric, cool with a lack of body heat. Tommy wakes up a little more at that, and looks around. No one else is in the room, and he vaguely swallows down a sense of panic.

Tommy stands and drags a quilt with him as he heads out of the room. All the lights are off, but the sun is filtering in through the windows so he can still see well enough to go about searching the house.

“H-hello?” Tommy moves from room to room. The doors all stand open, and not only is Tommy’s room he shares with Gordon and Benrey empty, so is Bubby and Coomer’s. “W-where is everybody?”

The top floor is completely empty, no one answering to Tommy’s increasingly desperate calls. Even Sunkist is gone, and Tommy wishes he could sink his hands into her fur right now and maybe that would stop the panic welling up in his chest, making it hard to breathe.

“C-can any-will someone PLEASE answer me?” Tommy calls as he makes his way down the stairs. The kitchen and living room both stand empty and at this point, Tommy’s choking down sobs, hands coming up to fist in his hair, grounding him but not nearly enough.

This is just a dream, an awful nightmare, but it doesn’t stop Tommy acting like it’s real and everyone’s just vanished, leaving him alone in a big house.

Still carrying the big quilt with him, Tommy crawls onto the couch and tucks himself tightly against one corner, pulling the quilt around him and burying his face in the fabric. It smells a little like Gordon and Benrey, and Tommy worries distantly he’ll cut off his own oxygen if he presses his face into the quilt any harder, but the rest of him is shaking, trying to just get as much of their smell as he can, because what if that’s all he has left of them? What if they really did leave him as he slept? What if he’s all alone?

Tommy’s thoughts spiral uncontrollably and tears race down his face as he tries to control his breathing.

What finally snaps him out of his thoughts is the distant sound of laughter and Tommy rips his

face out of the quilt as his head snaps up and he looks around. It takes him a moment, but he finally realizes the sound is coming from beyond the front door and Tommy trips over himself as he gets up from the couch and rips the front door open.

Instead of leading towards the main road like it does in real life, the door opens to a long hallway, leading away until it curves suddenly in the distance. Tommy sees someone just rounding the sharp turn, and he doesn't even close the door behind him as he sets off running down the hall, desperately chasing the person he'd just seen.

The weird geometric carpet seems like it might not actually be carpet, pulling at Tommy's bare feet and doing its best to impede his progress. Tommy keeps running but every time the hallway curves again, it seems like he's catching less and less of the back of the person he's been chasing for what feels like an eternity.

"Tommy, if you don't hurry, you're gonna get left behind!" Someone's voice calls and it takes Tommy too long to realize it's Gordon's, ringing with malicious laughter and making Tommy run harder. His stomach churns and he just keeps running.

Maybe somewhere along the way, he wonders if this isn't an exercise in futility, if maybe he deserves to be alone, if that's why everyone keeps leaving him.

But Gordon had come back. Despite everything, he'd still trusted Tommy, still loves him, and Tommy doesn't think Benrey would ever leave, even if they had every reason to.

He takes a deep breath, still feeling sick to his stomach, and stops running. The carpet slowly crawls up his legs, but it shrivels like a withered plant before it reaches past his knees and Tommy grins down at it and

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Wakes up between one blink and the next. He's still nauseous and when his hands start twitching, he knows he's going to puke. He rolls out of bed and Sunkist follows him into the bathroom, laying next to him as he vomits into the toilet. He hears Matilda stroll into the bathroom, sitting on his feet and purring as hard as she can as Tommy spits the last of the bitter taste out of his mouth.

"...You want to leave the lights off?" Gordon asks quietly and Tommy must really be out of it if

he hadn't even heard him get up.

"I-I'm okay." Tommy mutters and Gordon hums, turning the dimmer on just a little, just enough for him to maneuver around Tommy and his little menagerie as Gordon wets a washcloth and sits on the floor next to Tommy, carefully washing his clammy face and hands. "Th-thank you."

"Course. I'd kiss you but I dunno if you're sick. Lemme feel your forehead."

"Just a ba-nightmare." Tommy mutters, but still leans into Gordon's touch. Gordon sighs and presses a kiss to Tommy's forehead.

"Wonder if you and Benrey both ate something off. Might explain all these nightmares tonight." He flushes the toilet and lets Tommy crawl into his lap, curling his long limbs in close. "Do you wanna talk about it, hon?"

"W-woke up and no one was in the house. N-not even Sunkist." She perks up at her name and presses against Tommy's arm, panting happily as he pets at her ears. "G-good ol' abandonment iss-, uh, trauma, huh?"

"I know there's the disconnect between the awake brain and the dreaming brain, but sooner or later I'm gonna make all of you know that I'm never leaving. And neither is anyone else." Tommy smiles as he presses his face against Gordon's warm neck, sighing a little.

"I-I know. But I appre-like the reminders."

"Well, then, I'll keep them coming." Tommy nods and the two sit there on the bathroom floor under the dim light bulb.

## Harold Coomer

The halls of Black Mesa flood periodically with the flashing red siren of the alarm, and other than the sound of Harold's feet smacking against the floor, there are no other sounds around him. Occasionally, debilitating pain will flood his body and Harold bites down on his tongue until iron floods his mouth and the pain passes.

He wonders why Black Mesa had thought it a good idea to connect his pain receptors to his clones'. But Black Mesa is full of sadistic bastards, so he also wonders why he's surprised at the idea they'd try to cause him as much pain as possible.

He's just lucky he doesn't share his consciousness with the hundreds of clones, otherwise he'd be totally useless.

The gaps between waves of pain grow shorter and shorter, and Harold knows they're engaged in some kind of fight. He just hopes they're fighting someone capable like Tommy or Bubby, and not Gordon. Everyone had split up to look for him, and although the clones are dying quickly, sooner or later they'd still overwhelm Gordon, injured as he is.

Harold doesn't even flinch when he happens across the body of his first clone, stopping and nudging it with his foot so its dead, empty eyes face the wall instead of staring down the hallway, looking at anyone who would happen to walk past.

More and more bodies litter the hall as Harold keeps walking and he almost sighs in relief. For every dead clone he sees, that reduces the chance they've killed one of the other members of the science team.

Eventually, he starts hearing voices, and Harold jogs to catch up with whoever's talking. He breaks into a run when he hears his own voice echoing off the tile walls.

*"There's a hole in your suit, Dr. Freeman."* Harold's voice rattles menacingly and Gordon cries out in pain, sharp and scared.

"D-Dr. Coomer, you're hurting me!" Gordon yells and Harold's clone chuckles darkly, just as Harold rounds the corner and finally reaches them. He's suddenly rooted in place, unable to do anything but watch the scene before him play out.



Gordon's laying on the ground, blood pooling around him and streaked across the HEV suit. His good hand scrabbles desperately across the tile floor as he does his best to escape the grasp of one of Harold's clones.

The clone looms over Gordon, its eyes dark and blank like it's dead, and fiercely grips Gordon's amputated stump, coating it in Gordon's blood. Gordon thrashes against its grip, but it's strong enough to ignore his weakening flailing, staring down at him with a blank expression.

Gordon turns his head and meets Harold's eye. Harold watches Gordon's eyes widen and he reaches out for Harold with his good hand, grasping at the thin air.

"Doc-Dr. Coomer! Please, I need your help!" But Harold can't move. He doesn't even know if he's really trying, but Gordon's hopeful expression turns to one of dismay. "Are you another clone?"

"No." The clone holding Gordon murmurs and lifts Gordon up from the ground by his hand, jarring it and causing Gordon to cry out again. "*He's just a coward.*" The clone turns its head a little and looks Harold dead in the eyes. "*Isn't that right, Harold?*"

"L-let him go." His voice trembles and Harold curls his hands into fists. "Set him down and fucking walk. Away."

"Hm." The clone thinks about it before it smirks smugly and shakes Gordon like a rag doll, making the younger man cry out in pain yet again, but it sounds quieter this time, weaker, like he's fading. "*No, Harold, I don't think I will. In fact!*" A maniacal gleam blooms in the clone's eye and it grins as it lifts Gordon up until they're nose to nose. Gordon whimpers, just loud enough for Harold to hear, but he's too weak from the blood loss and pain to struggle against the death grip the clone has on him. "*I have been in need of some... Fresh meat, for lack of a better term. Who better than the One Free Man?*"

"Doc-" Gordon tries to call out for him again, but the clone gently lays a hand on Gordon's cheek before sinking its fingers through the skin, green electricity jumping across its skin. Gordon screams, going slack in the clone's grip and falling to the floor when it ripples and vanishes like a mirage. Harold can only watch as Gordon twitches on the floor, before his eyes open.

They were emerald before whatever the clone did to him, but Gordon's eyes are acidic now when they meet Harold's, and he grins.

“Wow. This beats your crusty old body any day.” The possessed Gordon looks down at his hand and twists his mouth. “Well... I guess I have one or two drawbacks.”

“Get out of him! Let him go!” Harold finds he can move again and stalks forward, getting right in Gordon- the clone’s face. “He can’t handle it, you’re going to kill him!”

“Haven’t you ever heard the saying ‘crack a few eggs’?” The clone tilts its head. “You know, Harold, familial bonds are such a weakness. He might be your son, but he’s lacking in all those nice bionic enhancements you have.”

“Wh-” Harold almost flinches as it feels like something falls away from his memories and the memory that Gordon is his son slams into him at full force.

“Did you honestly forget?” The clone’s outright laughing at him now and it reaches out with its viable hand, grabbing Harold by the collar of his shirt and throwing him to the ground. “Pathetic. I’m dying of blood loss over here and I’m still able to knock you on your ass.”

The clone looms over Harold, its acidic green eyes gleaming out of the shadows falling across its face.

“Guess the only thing you can do is hope none of us find your precious little boy in real life.” The clone leans in close, until Harold can’t see it when its face splits into a wide grin. “Better wake up... Dad.”

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Harold sits up before he even opens his eyes, his breath wheezing as he desperately calms himself down as much as he can. The bedroom is still dark, too dark, but it helps a little when he switches on his bedside lamp.

Bubby’s still asleep next to him, one hand outstretched towards Harold in his sleep. Harold smiles a little and takes it, resting his other arm on his knees once he pulls them up to his chest.

Harold exhales one last time and works on throttling the urge to go check on Gordon.

## Bubby

Benrey laughs cruelly next to Bubby's ear. He's standing in Black Mesa, and it takes a second, the laugh still ringing in his ears, for him to connect the dots.

Oh. He's having a nightmare. Standard fare at this point. His hands shake minutely and Bubby does his best to breathe through the anxiety rising up in him.

Darkness presses in on all sides and Bubby can hear fabric shuffling and several different people breathing, all at different rates. Benrey looms over his shoulder on one side while Harold presses against his other side.

Bubby doesn't know whether this is a nightmare or a memory until he hears Gordon's strangled inhalation and he remembers.

"Gordon!" He yells, wrenching himself forward into the darkness. It doesn't matter how many times he's had this nightmare before, this time Bubby is determined to change it somehow, even if he's proving to be the definition of insanity. "Gordon, where are you?"

"Hold him still, boys." A soldier's voice seeps through the darkness like smoke and Bubby tries to follow it, spinning in useless little circles.

"Get your hands off him, you assholes!" Bubby yells, and a light clicks on behind him. He whirls yet again, facing off against Benrey, their hands folded behind their back as they stand in a harsh white spotlight.

"Don't you get it, *friend*? You helped me do this!" They throw their hands wide, and Bubby notices they're dripping long thick strands of blood, too thick to be human. "See, I got an excuse. That big bad nihilanth was playing me like a PS3 controller." Bubby knows he doesn't blink, but either way, Benrey is suddenly nose to nose with him, eyes twisting in a kaleidoscope of harsh color. "What's your excuse, *Dr. Feelgood*?"

"I-I don't-" Bubby takes a deep breath and shoves Benrey away from him, crossing his arms over his chest. "I didn't know they'd take his arm. You- or the Nihilanth, I fuckin' guess- told me they were just taking out the trackers." Benrey grins from where they fell, unnaturally spread-eagle on the floor.

“How many times a day do you have to tell yourself that? To just get through the day, to convince yourself you’re a decent person?”

“I don’t bother with that shit. I already know I don’t have a shred of decency in me.” Benrey laughs and jerks up, more like a marionette than the person they portray themselves as.

“Smart professor.”

“Doctor. Only my husband can call me ‘Professor’.”

“Boo.” Benrey staggers to their feet, turning their back to him. “Well, looks like it’s time for me to take my leave. They’re done hacking your son’s arm off.” Benrey disappears through the floor with a mad cackle, and the floor suddenly seems like it’s made of water, rippling in black waves from where Benrey had vanished. Bubby braces himself, looking around.

Slowly, the light bulbs brighten and Bubby blinks as his eyes adjust. He’s down the hall from where Gordon lost his arm, and Bubby turns so he can make his way back.

He finally gets there, and while there are bloody footprints leading out, there aren’t any dragmarks like there were when this actually happened. And that means Gordon’s still in there, if his dream logic is anything like the real world. Bubby sighs and heads inside.

The room’s dimmer than the hallway, shadows pooling around the room where the light fails to reach. It’s impossible for Bubby to see anything in here, but he still takes a hesitant step in, hand still braced on the doorway.

“P-papa?” A young voice chokes from the shadows and Bubby’s hand tightens on the doorway. He stares into the shadows, eyes wild as the blood drains from his face. “Papaaaaa...” Joshua claws his way out of the shadows, like something from a horror movie. He’s crying full force, in the way he only does when he’s sick. “H-hurts, Papa...”

Bubby cries out, one harsh sob, a hand covering his mouth as he falls to his knees. Joshua crawls towards him a little more and Bubby scoops him up, cradling his son against his chest as he rocks.

“Why did you hurt me, Papa?” Joshua’s little voice cuts to Bubby’s core and he sobs, gripping tighter to his baby. But Joshua changes like fog across the water, growing until he’s Gordon again,

clad in the cold metal of the HEV suit and lying across Bubby's lap. He stares at Bubby with vitriolic hatred.

"I should've left you in your tube." Blood smears across Bubby's chest, seeping through his lab coat, and he holds his son, grown up and so, so different from the little boy he was, as the life drains from him.

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He's not sure when he wakes up, vision still blurry from the tears. Hands touch him gently and Bubby turns, letting Harold pull him into an embrace.

"Tonight seems like a night for nightmares." Harold mutters and Bubby notices his voice sounds teary as well. Bubby sits up and wraps his arms around Harold as well.

"It can-" Bubby's voice breaks and he takes a bracing breath. "We can talk about it in the morning... If you want to."

"I think that would help, yes. Tonight, though?" Harold leans back far enough to grab a box of tissues that hadn't been on his nightstand when Bubby fell asleep. "I think tonight's the perfect kind of night to go downstairs and make some coffee. I doubt we're falling back asleep anytime soon."

"I know I'm not." Bubby mutters and takes a couple tissues from the box, composing himself as much as he can before the two of them head downstairs.

## Gordon

With both of his partners awake, Gordon figures it's going to be one of those days where they eat breakfast at 5 in the morning and nap for the rest of the day. He gently leads Benrey and Tommy downstairs, and is both surprised and absolutely not surprised when he finds his parents pressed together on the loveseat.

“Whoever made dinner last night is banned from it for the next month.” He jokes quietly, not loud enough to break the odd illusion that time is frozen. Papa snorts just as quietly and Dad smiles at him softly over the rim of his coffee mug. Gordon deposits Tommy on the couch, Benrey shapeshifting into a snake and draping themselves over Gordon's shoulders.

With that, he heads into the kitchen and starts making breakfast, Benrey humming quietly as he works and illuminating the kitchen in saffron orbs.

“Glad you're feeling better.” He murmurs to them and they press their head against his neck. “What do you think we should make for breakfast?”

“Pancakessssss.” Benrey hisses, wiggling with excitement, and Gordon nods, turning his head to look back into the living room.

“Pancakes alright with everybody?” His dad's nod in almost perfect unison and Tommy smiles and shoots him a thumbs-up. “Awesome. Okay, Benrey, you're in charge of keeping me entertained while I work.”

“Funny court jester mومence, number six will make pancakes.” That makes Gordon snort as he gets back to work.

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When the pancakes are ready, Gordon hustles everyone into the kitchen. He knows if someone spills on the couches, then someone else is just gonna bitch about it later, and he does not need that headache, thank you.

“This looks excellent, thank you, Gordon.” Dad's voice isn't back to its usual boisterous level yet, but considering it's barely six in the morning, Gordon's a little thankful for that.

“So...” Gordon folds his hands, watching as everyone else dives into their food, Benrey already licking their plate clean between one blink and the next. “I think it’d be good if y’all started talking to somebody.”

Tommy’s back straightens a little bit and Papa bares his teeth out of reflex, disguising it by shoving more pancake in his mouth. Benrey and Dad don’t really react, but Gordon’s known them long enough to know they don’t telegraph their emotions physically.

“Everyone except me had a nightmare last night. We’ve been through some shit, okay? And I know if y’all’s nightmares are anything like mine, they’re only gonna fuck you up even more.” He does his best to remain calm, not knowing who’ll get defensive if he accidentally raises his voice.

“I think you’re right.” Surprisingly, Dad agrees. He pushes his plate away a little bit and looks at the others. “I would like to be able to get a full night’s rest and if I have to unload on some stranger, then I absolutely will.”

“I’ll- I’ll bring it up at my next therapy appointment.” Tommy sighs and Gordon smiles at him encouragingly. “I-yeah, I’ve been avoiding some of the bigger p-p-issues.”

“I’ll think about it.” Papa mutters sullenly, but Gordon knows Dad will bully him into finding someone he likes by the end of the week.

“...Okay.” Benrey squirms in their seat nervously. “As long as it’s somebody who’s cool dealing with aliens and shit.”

“I’m sure we’ll find someone.” Gordon squeezes their hand and smiles as the Science Team’s noise levels slowly rise back to their usual, boisterous roar.

## End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Feel free to beat the shit out of me over on Tumblr @  
holdyourbreathfornow

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